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THE
VISIT OF INNOCENCE,
AND OTHER
P O E M S,

BY E. M. E.

TORQUAY:

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THE VISIT OF INNOCENCE

TO THE

REGION OF GENIUS.

One day as walking o'er the strand
That bounded in my native land,
Viewing with watchful eye each wave
That did the sea-girt Island lave ;
Well pleased I cast an upward eye
On the pure expanse of the sky,
Where not a cloud rose on the sight,
But all was calm, serene, and bright.
Then as my downward eye did bend,
There seem'd of ocean's bounds no end,
Which as a lucid mirror lay,
Reflecting the declining day.
No mortal form did there appear,
No human accent met the ear ;
Scarcely was heard Tide's eddying rill,
But all around was hush'd and still—

All nature tasted sweet repose,
And not a rustling wind arose
To break the sacred, peaceful calm :
Fearless of danger and alarm,
But solitary and alone, I stood,
Deep musing on the ebbing flood.

When lo ! a wonder rose to view,
A rock mis-shaped of blackest hue
Appeared, amid the foaming tide,
Whose angry billows washed its side,
And vainly sought with sternest rage
On it its fury to assuage.
But still in vain, for firm it stood
And braved the terrors of the flood,
Whose billows dashed o'er it in vain ;
Still did the awful form remain,
Deep-rooted, raised it's shaggy side,
And frowning scorned the maddening tide.
Bleak was its prospect, wild and bare,
And black and murky was the air
That in chill blasts blew rushing round
This dark, inhospitable ground.
From this tremendous awful sight.
The screeching sea-gulls took their flight

All things proclaim'd a coming storm,
When feeling I was left forlorn,
I turn'd to trace my homeward path,
T' avoid the tempest's threaten'd wrath ;
When reaching now a deepen'd pass,
Once more I turned to view the mass
Whose lofty head near reach'd the sky
Standing in solemn majesty—
Amazement seized and thrill'd my heart,
For now upon the eastern part
Of the black atmosphere's deep shade
A gleam of rising sun-beam played,
Which onward hastening, to my sight
Revealed a wond'rous vision bright.
I saw a youth in life's first dawn,
Whom all the graces did adorn ;
His vivid eye shot wild and keen,
And in his changeful face was seen
Expression's ever varying form,—
He seem'd the “ Genius of the Storm ;”
For tho' as minist'ring Angel fair,
Yet wild and fitful was his air ;
Now mild and gentle was he seen,
Then fiery, rash, and bold his mien ;
Yet still in every shifting turn,
Such brighten'd glories seem'd to burn,

In the full orb of his dark eye
As clear proclaimed divinity—
First deep enwrapt in robes of snow,
He seem'd on downy wings to go ;
Now gold and speckled was his vest,
Then in the emerald's green he's drest ;
Next in the lustre of the dawn
A saffron cloak did him adorn ;
Then blue, bright yellow, flaming red,
By turns around his form were spread ;
And purple gleaming from afar
In all the pomp of wageful war :
And lastly in the rainbow's light,
Of varied hue, the youth was dight,
Quick was each various colour found
To flit upon his form around—
Two wings of silvery azure hue
Rose beauteous to beholder's view,
Whilst on his arm a lyre was flung
And on his back a quiver hung :
On radiant brow a wreath he wore
So lovely ne'er was seen before,
Of every flower that drinks the dew,
Of sweetest scent and brightest hue ;
While passing onward with swift wing,
He shed abroad the breath of spring :

And as he past he raised his voice—
“ Rejoice ye sons of men, rejoice,
“ Yon steril rock shall own my power
“ And bloom and blossom from this hour ;
“ For on its brow I’ll place my throne,
“ Where kings shall come and bow them down,
“ And own the power of Genius’ vast,
“ And that it shall for ever last.

Now soon I view’d with glad amaze
The alter’d scene, that to my gaze
Appear’d, for now was cheering seen
Herbage of liveliest, freshest green,
To deck the arid rock around ;
Whilst on its pointed tufts were found
Each painted flow’ret of the year
That serves the summer’s day to cheer,
Gay smiling o’er the mead ; meanwhile
The sun with bright unclouded smile
Look’d joyous on o’er hill and dale,
And rich impregn’d each odorous gale
Soft wafted on the fragrant breeze ;
While songsters sweet among the trees
Chaunted in tuneful and full band
The pleasures of that happy land ;—
As now presiding up on high
On flowery top well nigh the sky,

The Genii smiling blissful sate
With joy and happiness elate—

Soon did my heaving bosom warm
With anxious wish to taste each charm,
My eager glance with rapture viewed
That seem'd so wondrous fair and good.
And earnest round I cast my eye
Some little floating bark to spy,
To waft me to that happy place
Which every pleasure seem'd to grace.
When lo ! not far but near at hand,
A little skiff approached the land ;
No sail it had, no rudder, oar,
And soon 'twas driven on the shore.
Light bounding o'er the shining strand
With steps that scarcely prest the sand,
My hasty hand soon seized the prow,
And my raised foot prepared to go
Bold and unguided o'er the main ;
Nor thought of dangers on the same,
Nor once did to myself repeat
The perils of the unfathom'd deep ;
But wild, impatient, dauntless, I
Dared all it's horrors to defy.—

When as I paused—a hand clasped mine—
Turning, I saw a Form Divine,
Whose matron look of placid worth
Proclaimed she was no child of earth ;
But whose bright raised heavenly eye
Told her a daughter of the sky.
Her voice harmonious, soft and clear
Thus in sweet accents met my ear.
“ Rash maid ! ah whither would'st thou go,
“ Fearless and dreadless of a foe ?
“ Say can thy weak unskilful hand
“ The stormy ocean's waves command ?
“ Or can'st thou hope the billowy surge
“ Will cease thy downward fate to urge,
“ Where thousands like thee have been lost }
“ Amid the eddying whirlpool tost,
“ Or wreck'd upon yon dangerous coast, }
“ Sad victims of each raging wind
“ Whilst I their guard was left behind.
“ Tho' fair the form, thou see'st there,
“ E'en as effulgent spirit fair,
“ Trust me he is a fickle boy.
“ Who ever lures, but to destroy,
“ Unless I lend my needful aid
“ To guide the footsteps of each maid.
“ Though man more bold may sometimes dare
“ The tempest's awful rage to bear,

“Yet woman ever must be lost,
“Unless I guide her to yon coast
“Where Genius holds his sovereign rule—
“E’en he without my help’s a fool ;
“’Tis I that point his feathery dart,
“And my high influence impart
“To make him truly great and wise,
“And he who scorns me, doth despise
“The power of Genius self, and is
“Unworthy all bright gifts of his.”—
Awe struck, adoring did I stand,
Then begged to know the high command
Of one, on whose fair brow did shine
A radiant glory most divine—
And much I urged her name to know,
That I to her might lowly bow,
And duteous meet her high behest,
Fulfilling what to her seem’d best—
Either to go, or stay, as might
Seem wisest to her juster sight.
Mildly attentive to my speech,
Thus did the lovely female teach,
And with soft, clear, unclouded ray,
Approving thus to me did say—
“Since thou’lt accept my proffer’d aid,
“And wilt be guided by me maid,

“ I take thee to my sovereign care,
“ Thou my soft tenderness shalt share ;
“ But first learn thou my sacred name,
“ And pay obedience to the same—
“ Pieta am I called above,
“ In the realms of heavenly love ;
“ Religion is the name on earth,
“ By which men sanctify my worth ;
“ For he who owns me in his youth
“ In age ne’er doubted yet my truth,
“ But owns me just, and still will find
“ I’m steadiest friend to all mankind—
“ Who early seeks and owns my power,
“ I ne’er forsake to latest hour,
“ But on the bed of peaceful death
“ Receive his tranquil final breath,
“ And bear him upward to the skies,
“ A pure accepted sacrifice.
“ But come, since thou dost even still
“ Aspire to climb yon fertile hill,
“ And long’st to see that wond’rous land
“ Where Genius holds his high command ;
“ Attendant on my steps shalt thou
“ Free and unharmed from evil go,
“ And safely stationed at my side
“ Shall cross the dangerous foaming tide,

“ Whose lofty billows shall obey
“ My mild and gentle, yet firm sway.
“ Guided by Truth, who does attend,
“ My faithful servant and my friend.
Now quick approached a Pinnacle gay,
That at a little distance lay ;
Lightly it rose, and softly fell
With every dashing wave’s quick swell ;
But still it buoyant held its way,
Above the raging billow’s spray,
And with brisk motion came to land ;
Where calmly waiting I did stand
Supported by my Angel friend,
To whose soft voice I did attend,
While she unfolded to my view
Lessons of wisdom ever new.
Now seated at the helm I saw
A form inspiring love and awe ;
A youth so beauteous and divine,
That in his face did clearly shine,
The settled majesty of truth,
That stampt with regal pride his youth—
In spotless robe of white arrayed,
Which lightly and transparent played,
With every passing breath of air ;
Which as it waved, seem’d to declare,

No thought infirm could ever dwell
Within his heart, he dared not tell,
And dauntless would avow, secure
That all within was just and pure.
A wreath entwined from myrtle shade
Did ornament his sacred head,
Whose constant green did full proclaim,
That truth's unchang'ably the same
And knows not the deep subtil art,
To act a double guileful part ;
But on his open front we see
Pure undefiled sincerity.
He with light feathery oar did guide
His vessel thro' the foaming tide,
Athwart the boiling whiten'd surge ;
Nor ceased his dauntless course to urge,
Nor once he stopt, but with full sail
He seized on each propitious gale,
To waft him onward on his way,
And his loved mistress to obey :
Till safe in port with active hand
He drew his vessel safe to land,
And anchor'd it within a cave
Secure from every rising wave.
And now with form and head erect,
Yet with a slow and cautious step,

Our shining guard did lead the way,
Lest we erroncus far should stray
From the right path that upward led,
Unto the mountain's fertile head.
Then thus he whisper'd in our ear,
"Come follow me devoid of fear,
"Rely upon my faithful arm
"To guard ye safe from each alarm;
"For my far seeing watchful eye
"Can distant danger soon descry;
"To my quick sight's all radiant beam
"Each shade of guile is plainly seen,
"And swift before its searching ray,
"They fade and vanish far away,
"And flying, leave to truth revealed
"Whate'er was meant to be concealed;
"Or glossed with falsehood's baleful wile,
"The falt'ring footstep to beguile.—
"E'en thou oh sacred heaven-born maid,
"Without me ne'er could tread the shade,
"Free and unharmed from error's snare,
"But thro' my watchful fost'ring care;
"For I was sent thy guide to be,
"And serve thee with fidelity—
"And thou the tender and loved care
"Of this celestial beauteous fair,

“Bright innocence in spotless vest,
“Whom Heaven’s own partial hand has drest
“In every charm we love on earth,
“Meek sense, mild virtue and true worth ;
“And oh ! above all glories rare,
“Who ne’er has strayed in sinful snare ;
“Advance ! no evil canst thou dread,
“By faith sustained, by truth still led ;
“And with observant eye behold
“Those wonders Genius will unfold.—
Now hand in hand with agile tread
We followed as our guardian led,
Till rounding soon the mountain’s base
We gained an ample landing place ;
Where to our wondering sight pourtray’d
Wander’d full many a thoughtful shade ;
Who flitting past with scornful eyes,
Seem’d to proclaim, their’s was the prize,
That Genius richly does bestow
On those who to his power do bow ;
But who by vanity deceived,
Where only by themselves believed,
So highly gifted to be loved,
And by bright Genius self approved.
“Behold ! our guardian wisely said,
“Nor be of these frail forms afraid ;

“ Those airy nothings that pass by
“ Look askance with mocking eye,
“ They with false Genius do pervert,
“ And turn e’en wisdom to their hurt :
“ For these are they, who prone to ill
“ Do still oppose their Maker’s will ;
“ And seek by blasphemy and shame,
“ To ridicule his sacred Name—
“ More boldly wicked still, they dare
“ To disavow his sovereign care,
“ By setting up the Demon “ Chance”
“ In whose feign’d name they dare advance
“ Whatever folly they may chuse,
“ Whilst they substantial good refuse.
“ Till puffed with effront’ry and pride
“ Each holy mystery they deride,
“ And boasting say, that they alone
“ Are not to superstition prone ;
“ But raised above this lower sphere
“ In them true genius does appear,
“ Whose open and expanded mind
“ Can leave gross errors far behind,
“ Disdaining to be longer bound,
“ By those weak bonds the world surround.
“ But truth unveils their vain pretence
“ And shews they want e’en common sense.

“Now brisker let our footsteps move
“To gain that platform up above—
“There dullness does for ever reign,
“Tho’ hundreds ceaseless urge their claim
“To Genius’ sovereign, high regard,
“And say their fealty meets reward.
“’Tis true he mildly, more benign
“Does on their feeble efforts shine,
“Than on th’ abhorr’d below, who dare
“To use his name, to blast the air
“With anathemas, ’gainst “God’s” name
“As Deists, Atheists, for they’re the same.
“Compared with these the fool is wise,
“And dearer’s dullness in Genius’ eyes,
“Than all the lustre can reflect
“From vast and polished intellect,
“If thro’ an evil heart we find
“They cast religion from their mind.
“But haste we now our upward flight,
“Unto the headland’s utmost height,
“Where Genius does himself preside
“With Wisdom and with Faith allied.

Now with a swift and eager course
We hasted on with untired force

Till on the lofty brow arrived,
Truth turning came, and joined my side ;
Religion, Truth, on either hand,
We moved a firm and radiant band ;
Till near the Genii's shining throne
We lowly bent to bow us down.
" Forbear he cried, nor homage pay,
" I prostrate should before ye lay ;
" Religion, Truth, and Innocence,
" Can never bend but with offence ;
" Firm ye may stand, while Genius must
" Bow down observant to the dust,
" And humbly thro' their aid alone
" May hope mankind his power will own.
" Say will ye deign with me to stand,
" High seated at my own right hand,
" Whilst to your sight shall be displayed
" Those efforts Genius has essayed,
" In a dark age to ignorance given,
" Steril, but for this spark from heaven."
Now at the Genii's awful call
Behold unnumber'd people fall,
Lowly submissive to his sway,
And instant to his voice obey.
Here they, who in the darkest night
Of ignorance, by Genius' light

Held forth a bright and shining ray
To guide them to a better way ;
And with ingenious art did shew
To man bewilder'd here below,
Each needful art within the reach
Of that rude age to man to teach—
Shewed the mechanic's wondrous power
To save rough labour's harshest hour,—
Here, 'fore mine eyes was full displayed,
The first formed models in each trade—
That Genius' needful aid did give
To teach men comfort whilst they live.
Here too was seen the first form'd bark—
(Taken by invention from the ark)
And taught upon the waves to go
At first with timid action slow.
Doubtful and fearful nigh the coast,
Dreading to be by tempests tost,
But soon adventurous dared to brave
The utmost fury of each wave—
To after age did give the thought
Of those vast bulwarks, which we're taught
Do proudly rule the raging sea,
And guided by Providence do free
Our native land from foreign foes,
And bid our country calm repose.

Here too is found each peaceful art
That cheers and blesses man's lone heart.
Here lies display'd the Painter's skill,
That does our minds with wonder fill ;
When fair we see to sight pourtrayed
Each mingling tint of light and shade ;
That imitative man has caught
From those bright lessons nature taught,
Till scarce we can discern the hue
Which, Nature, or fair Science drew.
Here the first press to learning given
To spread its stores far as the heaven ;
While books to all convey delight,
And chase away the gloom of night.
But pause we here, and leave untold
The wonders Genius did unfold :
Unequal I, the task to tell,
Of what beneath my eyesight fell ;
'Twas wondrous all—but ah ! much more
My soul admiring did adore,
Those noble men who did assign
Their learning to make virtue shine ;
Who now in full and endless band
Before the throne of Genius stand—
The Historian, Poet, and the Sage,
Of every climate, every age.

With rapture did my heart expand,
To see my loved, my native land
Was not inferior in true worth
To any region on the earth ;
But still with any might compare,
And boast e'en higher genius rare
Than to one single nation fell ;
Which were I now disposed to tell,
Might shame full many a larger state
Not favoured with such happy fate—
Amid the unnumber'd Host, my eye
Discerned some favourites seated high,
Whose glorious works full oft had power
To while away a leisure hour,
That thro' them richly was possest,
And by their aid with wisdom blest.
First Newton, whose capacious mind,
Was not by Earth's small bounds confined :
But whose great soul did soaring rise,
Nor stopt at aught beneath the skies,
But with a radiance quite divine
Did like his "Solar System" shine,
And tracing thro' the heavens his way,
Bent mildly to religion's sway ;
And as he shew'd those heaven's bright laws
Taught men to glorify their cause.

Here Thomson, who in prison pined,
Now roams at large and unconfined ;
He who did ne'er one action frame
Might sully his fair spotless name,
Now blooming like his own sweet year,
Each "Season" now does smiling cheer ;
While still his grateful soul does raise
His tribute to his Maker's Praise.
Now as my raptured eye did dwell
On the bright band, on Young it fell ;
Young, whose high energy has taught
The utmost stretch of human thought.
Wisdom's immortal favourite bard,
To whose high soul it seem'd not hard
To scale the steep of heaven's own height
Sustained by virtue in his flight.
Yet gentle, mild, we with him mourn,
And make his kindred griefs our own ;
With him we weep Narcissa's fate,
And feel his poignant sorrow's weight,
When he sad, secret, and alone,
Commits to earth her beauteous form,
Denied by superstition's gloom
For her poor shade a lowly tomb.
With him admitted to the room
Where good Philander meets his doom,

We sympathize with his deep woe,
Yet does our nature inly glow
To view a scene so nobly great,
As where the good man meets his fate ;
Erect we stand, with stedfast eye,
And feel it is not hard to die ;
Say, while we view his fleeting span,
How great how glorious still is man.
Handel, whose never dying strain
To Choirs Angelic might pertain,
And doubtless will be sung above
In scenes of harmony and love,
Now charms my captive-taken ear,
With th' extatic music of the sphere.
To Milton we do debted stand
For glimpse of Paradise, fair Land :
He, by whose dark orbs were seen
A brighter and more beauteous scene
Than this fallen earth can now e'er boast,
Since thro' man's fault it first was lost ;
He with a pencil most divine
Has boldly dared to trace the line
Where " God " himself did fix the bound
That settled the firm rooted ground :
And by his sovereign voice did sway
And bid the raging sea obey—

Milton has dared to trace that road
The high creating word, once trod ;
Unveiled the "Godhead" to our ken,
And pointed to the view of men
Imperial Heaven's high-stationed Throne
And Him that's seated there upon—
Then with a lower steadier flight
Has fair unveiled to our full sight
Man, as he first came from the hand
Of his great Maker's firm command ;
Has traced our nature bright and just
Tho' mingled with the lowly dust,
And thus has taught us that we are
Tho' fallen, objects of "God's" care.—
Locke, whose deep searching anxious thought
From labouring brain has hap'ly brought
The vastest stores of human mind,
And seems not to have left behind
One single ore to Genius new,
Who still his footsteps must pursue,
To shew like him the mind of man,
In all its God-like noble plan.
Shakspeare whose vast and ample mind
Scanned all the follies of mankind ;
Whose faults pertain'd to the dark age
In which he dared to tread the stage ;

When by unlighten'd people rude
Decency scarce was understood,
But lively wit and sterling sense
However cloathed ne'er gave offence :
Oh ! hadst thou lived in better days,
Thine had been the untarnished bays—
Nor must I pass with careless eye
Harvey who in Genius' Court stands high ;
He teaches wisdom from each thing
That can instruction to man bring,
From the sweet flowers that annual bloom,
To man's last study,—his own tomb.
And from the sculptured stone does teach
Truths solemn and within man's reach.
Pope, whose mellifluous verse is sung
As sweetest in our native tongue ;
His dulcet numbers softly fall
As honied dew, and give to all
The varied subjects of his song
The praise that does to him belong,
Whether descriptive he does lead
Our footsteps, Windsor, o'er thy mead ;
Or seats us deep within thy wood
That fringes o'er Lodona's flood ;
Or gives with full and lavish hand,
As present to his native land,

Those stores that Homer heretofore
Expended o'er the Grecian shore ;
But now by Pope's bright Genius drest
Shines brighter far than first exprest ;
Still equal pleasure thou dost give
Who to fair Poesy do live,
Can taste her charms, her raptures know,
And feel for her their bosoms glow ;
Thy Essays too, do plainly shew
The noblest work of " God " below,
And the bright crown of his vast plan
An honest and an upright man—
But let me not forget to note
That brightest thing thou ever wrote,
Amidst thy works, most noble, rare,
That pattern for each Christian prayer ;
Universal be it, as in name,
Immortal as its Author's fame—
Thou too, our Addison, whose mind
Was dear to all of human kind ;
Firm and correct, in duty sure,
And with Angelic sweetness pure ;
Tho' gay thy fancy, strong thy sense,
Thy want of decency ne'er gave offence ;
The chastest eyes might read thy page,
Nor feel indignant anger rage,

For talents misapplied and lost,
And mid thick clouds of error tost ;
Thou ne'er did'st feel wit gave pretence
To violate each decent sense ;
Or that bright Genius without fear
Might wound the modest and chaste ear ;
Ah no ! thy higher spirit knew
Far better what was just and true ;
Taught thee true wisdom ill agreed
With impure thought, or vicious deed ;
This made thy life and writings one,
Both bright in kindred virtues shone ;
Consistent, equal, just, and right,
Thy works will ever give delight ;
Whilst those who viewed thy life might say,
Be like our Addison's our day—
And when thou wert summon'd from on high,
Who would not wish like thee to die.
As stretched upon the bed of death,
Thy falt'ring accents, fainting breath,
Still did the same instruction give
As when in health thou once didst live,
And those high truths thou living taught
Still occupied thy latest thought—
“ Go fetch my Son, bid him attend,
“ The death-bed of his parting friend ;

“Approach young man, and draw you near,
“You will not meet with slavish fear;”—
Then grasped his hand with upraised eyes,
“See with what peace a Christian dies.”—
Here Johnson whose gigantic soul
Embraced of literature the whole—
Who with the roughest outward rind,
Had yet a sound and virtuous mind;
Ne’er lost his dignity, tho’ poor,
Whom wealth itself could never lure
From that intrepid dauntless mind,
That yielded not to mortal-kind.
But see (cried Truth) sweet Cowper’s shade
Approach to claim thy notice, maid,—
Soft as thyself, gentle, and mild,
Of Genius the much beloved child;
His task so pure, and so refined,
As fails not to instruct each mind,
Where dwells the genuine love of all
We virtue and fair science call;
His gentle soul for earth too pure
Could not a harsh rough world endure;
With every tender feeling torn
Long reft of reason lay forlorn;
Then winged his passage far away,
And sought again the realms of day.—

Lo ! Porteous comes, among the few
Who dared what duty bade to do ;
He whose great, firm, and manly mind
Sought the true good of human kind ;
Who in a lax apostate age
Did brave the Infidel's fell rage,
Confuted all his subtle art,
And dared to shew he had at heart
The cause for which his master bled ;
And tho' he wore a mitred head,
Still meek Disciple of his Lord,
In deep humility adored,
Still lived the Christian and the Sage,
Bright pattern to a sinful age.
Nor less a Poet did he shine,
With rapture we peruse each line
Of that majestic and bold verse,
In which he dared "Death" to rehearse ;
Held up its terrors to man's view
But shewed it had its comforts too ;
Which fully his pure spirit tried
As smiling in his chair he died—
Firm and unshaken in his trust
Shewed Death has no terrors for the just.
But whose is that meek beauteous shade,
That wears the semblance of a maid ?

'Tis Smith, to feeling hearts most dear,
Who early graced her mournful bier—
Soft, timid, gentle, and refined,
Yet had a strong and powerful mind ;
Skilled in each deed of tender love,
Mild unpretending as the Dove ;
Tho' blest with manhood's stronger sense,
Her learning never gave offence ;
For modesty still veil'd each charm,
And gave to none cause of alarm ;
For still she seem'd the most afraid
To make of knowledge vain parade ;
In her was joined, assemblage rare,
High genius with each virtue fair
That serves to adorn the female mind,
And stamp its lustre on her kind.
In her shone beauty, learning, truth,
With all the tenderness of youth—
Early mature in wisdom's way,
She lived a life in her short day ;
Then felt her task was hap'ly o'er,
And slept, to wake on earth no more :
Leaving a pattern of true grace
To stimulate each future race,
To walk in that bright path she trod,
Approved by Man, by Saints, and " God."

But now by feebleness oppressed
My wearied frame required rest ;
My heavenly guard beheld me droop,
And thus compassionate did stoop
To cheer my over-tasked mind,
With gentle mein, and accent kind.
“ Sweet maid cheer up a little while,
“ Whilst I thy downward path beguile,
“ With friendly converse cheat the hour,
“ And blest instruction on thee pour.
“ These wonders thou hast seen on high,
“ Revealed by Genius ’fore thine eye,
“ Are little worth unless *I* lead,
“ And teach thy footsteps where to tread.—
“ Knowledge is dark and wisdom frail
“ Unless I o’er the mind prevail ;
“ Teach truest wisdom in each art
“ Serves but to purify the heart ;
“ To make it lowly, meek and mild,
“ Free from the rage of passions wild ;
“ Nor puff it up with paltry pride
“ That shall thy weaker friend deride ;
“ Well knowing that thy utmost power
“ Still leaves a vast and boundless store,
“ Beyond thy utmost stretch to obtain ;
“ Nor canst thou hope her palm to gain,

“Wisdom like happiness below
“Can only shine with partial glow ;
“Their sun irradiates a sphere
“Beyond the scene thou viewest here ;
“And man must still contented wait,
“To reach that higher purer state,
“To which I lead with step erect,
“If *I* his actions here direct.
“Then will he knowledge real obtain
“And full perfection surely gain.”—

The widen'd pathway now proclaimed
That we the shore once more had gained ;
Truth towed his little bark in view,
Whilst we to Genius bade adieu ;
Who still did on our steps attend
To pay observance to his friend.
We crost calm ocean on our way
That as a lucid mirror lay,
Reflecting the declining day,
And sought again my little cot,
Blest and contented with my lot ;
Whilst humbly thus I formed my prayer—
“Take me religion to thy care,
“And grant, that whilst on earth I live,
“I taste those joys that thou dost give.

“ Still guide my actions, night and day,
“ And hold o’er me unbounded sway ;
“ Till my wrapt soul with bliss elate
“ Enters a purer holier state :
“ Where joys abound that never end
“ Given thro’ Thee, Angelic friend.
“ Eye has not seen, nor can the ear
“ Those rapturous transports ever hear,
Reserved for those who own thy power,
As Crown of Glory, ’gainst that hour
When all thy Servants meet reward,
Before a just and righteous Lord ;
Who then shall ten-fold blessings send
To those, who did to Thee attend,
Sought humbly still to walk thro’ faith,
And guide their footsteps in thy path.

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR,

GIVEN TO

A FRIEND IN AN ALMANAC.



Tell me my friend—and truly say,
Canst thou the opening leaves display,
 The coming year to show ?
Say, will it bright in beauty shine,
Or in the shades of sorrow pine ;
 Light in joy, or dark in woe ?

Ah ! who can weave the fairy spell,
Or who this mystr'y search and tell
 And mark its varied hue ?
'Tis a mixt tissue at the best,
Made up of labours and of rest,
 If we would guess it true.

Like other years 'twill pass away,
 In varied scenes, from day to day,
 Still changing as it flies :
 To mortal hand it is not given
 T'unseal this sacred book of heaven,
 Or read it with our eyes.

To God alone the future's known—
 One only way it is our own,
 By us'ing it aright ;
 Then will it bright in beauty shine,
 Nor need we fear it will decline,
 Unblest in our glad sight.

Remembrance of a virtuous course
 Shall in our closing day have force,
 To blunt the stroke of fate :
 Soon the redeemed soul will rise,
 To claim her portion 'bove the skies,
 And Angels round her wait.

Then calmly let us pass away
 Of this new year each coming day,
 And on our "God" depend ;
 Secure he'll order all for good,
 By Him alone best understood,
 If He is but our friend.

Each trial we are called to prove
Will be the proof of his firm love,
And are in mercy given :
Whilst every joy that crowns our days,
Should raise our hearts in songs of praise
Anticipating heaven.

ON THE CORONATION
OF
GEORGE THE FOURTH,

19th July, 1821.



Rise up ye Sons of England ! rise and sing
A welcome song to your beloved King—
See, see he comes in regal splendour drest ;
Majestic in himself, above the rest,
His Royal Person shews his high command,
Above his highest Noble in his land.
He comes to ratify before high heaven
The sacred charge that by high heaven is given.
Ye Sons of England ! 'fore your King appear—
Hail him with filial love devoid of fear.
He bears no Despot's Sword, no Tyrant's Rod,
But is the chosen Delegate of " God,"

To rule his people with paternal sway ;
 And e'en himself must freedom's laws obey.
 The true-born son of him your hearts enshrine,
 Of George the good, may he in goodness shine.
 He claims the love ye bore his sainted Sire,
 Let not that love within your hearts expire ;
 But to his Son that faith and truth extend,
 And hail that Son your Sovereign and your friend.
 Rise up ye Sons of England, rise and sing
 A welcome song to your beloved King.—
 Thou Royal George approach with sacred fear,
 And to the altar of thy "God," draw near—
 There bend in deep humility of heart
 Before his face, whose delegate thou art—
 As first in dignity, be first in worth,
 And shew a bright example here on earth.
 A Christian King—be pure religion thine,
 Let every Christian virtue in thee shine ;
 Thou must be faithful to the general trust,
 And keep each law with heart resolved and just,
 The Guardian, not the Tyrant of the land,
 Thy life must set the stamp to thy command.
 Bear then the sword of Justice, from the Lord,
 But let mild mercy temper that bright sword—
 Wear thou the Ruby-ring, as signet sign,
 Thou by the hand art led by Truth Divine ;

The Consecrated Oil that's o'er Thee shed,
As balm of blessing, guard thy sacred head,
And teach thy heart sad misery to remove
By balm of Charity and Christian love.
Put on thy regal robes of brightest hue,
To show thy people they shall in thee view
The rich habiliments of Princely worth
Clad with each virtue that shines bright on earth—
And may the crown that binds thy temples round,
In scenes of righteousness be ever found ;
Its brightest gems be but the semblance faint
Of those high virtues that thy life will paint,
Then after years of glory spent on earth,
Translated to a throne of richer worth ;
Whilst thy frail body rests upon its bier,
Gemm'd with rich Jewel of thy people's tear ;
Thy soul shall reign a King in realms above,
Where Death can never more thy Crown remove ;
And the bright Sceptre shine within thy hand,
Whilst round thy Throne admiring Angels stand.

ON MY MOTHER'S WEDDING RING.



View well this little simple thing
Thou say'st it is a common ring—
But ah ! how little dost thou know,
It is my treasure here below.
With it what gifts can e'er compare ?
The orient Pearl is far less rare,
Less pure the Ruby's glowing gem,
Or Emerald set on richest stem ;
Fainter the Sapphire's azure eye,
Or purple Amethyst's dark dye ;
The yellow Topaz is less bright,
Less brilliant is the Diamond's light ;
Mixt Topal hides its streaky head,
And Garnet that for love has bled ;
The veined Cornelian I despise,
No longer lovely in my eyes ;

Less rich the banks of Coral grow
 Where Ocean's waves do proudly flow—
 All these to me are far less rare,
 Less precious, beauteous, and less fair ;
 Than thou oh little circlet art
 That twines so firmly round my heart—
 In thy small simple golden round
 What joys and pleasures do abound—
 Thou dost contain all that can cheer
 And render life a blessing here ;
 Thou dost on us each joy bestow,
 Each rapture that we know below.
 To thee indebted we still live
 For every good this world does give :
 Bound by thy little golden band,
 In sweet relationship we stand,
 "Taste all the Charities of Life,"
 Of child and parent, husband, wife,
 Of friend, of sister, and of brother,
 And tasting learn to love each other.
 Tho' thou appear'st in simple dress,
 Large is thy power sweet ring to bless ;
 True image thou of virtue here,
 That oft is seen in plainest cheer ;
 But to the feeling thoughtful mind,
 Simplicity is e'en combined

With elegance devoid of art,
And finds sure passage to the heart.
Then thou canst more enrich our ground,
Than all that's in Potosi found,
If thou'rt permitted still to stand,
And grace for years our mother's hand.
And may'st thou never meet our eyes,
Without that sweetest sacrifice,
Her children's prayers, to heaven addrest,
That she may long by heaven be blest.
And when at length thou'rt doomed to grieve,
And her loved cherish'd hand to leave ;
With fond regret we will thee keep,
And o'er thee we her offspring weep ;
Guard thee as sacred solemn trust,
Till we too mingle with the dust.
Nor e'en with life shall end our care,
From us descend from heir to heir,
While each shall claim thee as their prize,
And view thee with affections eyes—
And when the last refining fire
Shall raise thy value higher and higher ;
Thou shall survive a burning world,
Whose greatest treasures shall be hurled
Far from the light of cheerful day,
Melting in fervent heat away—

Thou shalt survive, thy little round
Shall open circling to surround
Her brows, upon whose virtuous hand
Thou thro' long years did firmly stand ;
And as thou wert a pledge on earth
Of all that was in woman worth ;
So shalt thou be in realms above,
A token of celestial love.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.



Behold yon little Pinnacle gay,
Light floating on the stream of life !
Blithely it holds its onward way,
Unmindful of stern ocean's strife.

Bright 'neath a pure and cloudless sky,
Its waving sails are all unfurled ;
And on its topmast mounted high
Its Ensign ! "To command the world."

Joyous and reckless of all change
Mid song and dance it ploughs the main ;
Secure that in its boundless range
It still in safety will remain.

But soon the adverse gales do rise,
 The raging billows swell and roar,
 Dark tempests blacken o'er the skies,
 And lash and beat the vexed shore.

Where now the confidence so bold?
 Where now the thoughtless vacant jest?
 The jocund tale is left untold,
 And blank dismay's by all confest.

Careless and heedless of all harm
 Full many a heart had thoughtless been;
 But now recalled by dread alarm,
 Their powers and energies are seen.

Roused into action by distress,
 Their strength and vigour now is known;
 "Let go the sails, and cease all press,
 "Down with the anchor, lower it down.

"And now all hands a strict watch keep,
 "We'll wait with hope for rising sun;
 "Then may we 'scape the angry deep,
 "And into harbour safely run.

“ Yet, yet we’ll weather out the gale,
“ Still firm and manful we will stand ;
“ So shall we o’er the waves prevail,
“ And see again our native land.

And now with an experienced eye
The Pilot guides the Bark along ;
O’er raging billows rising high,
Or downward does his course prolong.

Till in the wished for Haven moored,
He sees the ship in safety laid—
Then hears his wisdom sage approved.
And all his cares are overpaid.

Thus in life’s voyage feeble man
Securely slumbers on the deep ;
Fears no dread tempest to alarm,
Or break his calm and tranquil sleep.

Gaily he stems each circling wave,
Jocund he steers his vessel on ;
With health and youth, thinks he can brave
Those rocks that others split upon.

But when misfortune's adverse wind
Blows keen and heavy on his sail ;
Presumptuous hope is left behind,
And truth and wisdom then prevail.

His Canvass lower'd, his Pennon gay
Is thrown with humbled hand aside ;
Reflection comes to guide his way,
And help him thro' the boiling tide.—

He sees life's ocean circling round
And fears the dark tempestuous hour ;
Looks for some surer, firmer ground,
And seeks for shelter higher power.—

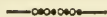
Religion points unto high heaven,
Where he may fix his anxious mind ;
He grasps her anchor, seeks her Haven,
Nor throws one lingering look behind.

Now with the Christian's Port in view,
Casts forth encumbering ballast's weight ;
Well knowing he can never rue
The loss of his once valued freight.

Patient he strains his every nerve
And does his utmost strength employ ;
Content, if he his life preserve,
And reach the seat of peace and joy.

There and there only can he drink
The cup of happiness complete—
There from no future tempests shrink,
Or fear again to meet defeat—

FAREWELL TO MY HARP—A VISION.



Farewell to thee my tuneful harp—
The hour is come when we must part,
 And I thy sweetest charms forego ;
Severer studies claim each day,
And I must the behest obey,
 Nor strike again thy chords below.

For life's too short to let one day
In joy and pleasure waste away,
 Too fleeting are its passing hours ;
No longer dare I give to thee
One vacant hour's sweet minstrelsy,
 Or cherish thy soft soothing powers.

Yet tho' strict duty must obtain,
That I resign thy much loved strain,
 Still may I grieve from thee to part :
And bid to thee as sweet farewell,
As ever did thy full notes swell,
 To soothe my deeply wounded heart.—

And sure I am when evening grey
 Shall veil the flaunting eye of day,
 Its breeze o'er thee shall waft a sigh ;
 And its soft tear descend in dew,
 To gem those charms 'twill in thee view,
 And tell that thou my harp art nigh.

Low breathing o'er thy floating string,
 The midnight air shall softly sing,
 And mournfully to thee reply,
 Till morning comes to hush thy strain,
 Tell thee thou must no more complain,
 And bid thy numbers sinking, die.

Now weeping I do o'er thee stand,
 For the last time take thee in hand,
 And strike thy golden strings once more ;
 Thou leav'st my hand—the task is done,
 Upon yon ancient willow flung,
 The painful conflict now is o'er

Mournful and not without a sigh,
 I hung my tuneful harp on high,
 Then laid me down resigned to sleep ;
 Vowing no more a note I'd raise,
 Nor ever more the Muses praise,
 Or Poet like my vigils keep—

And soon I felt sleep's genial power,
 Shed its mild influence o'er the hour,
 And lull my saddest cares to rest ;
 When sudden glory round me spread,
 A Form Celestial raised my head,
 And with soft voice my soul address.

Say not, no more a note Thou'lt raise,
 Ne'er sing again the Muse's praise,
 Or all their beauties fair rehearse ;
 Say not, thy life does fast decay,
 Quick flying as a summer's day,
 Too short, to spend in soothing verse ;—

Too short, to waste in fancy's dream,
 Too short, to spend in fairy theme,
 That higher tasks thee now demand,
 For time well used can spare a space,
 To give to Genius, taste, or grace,
 But listen to my high command—

“ Still let thy vocal sounding Lyre
 “ Virtue and goodness but inspire,
 “ Nor fear that the soft strain is vain,
 “ That leads one heart to virtue's road,
 “ Or brings one willing soul to “ God ;”
 “ But strike the sounding string again.

“ Until the half convinced mind,
 “ No longer flags, or hangs behind
 “ With doubtful and half wavering soul ;
 “ But let thy simple notes prolong
 “ The strain of virtue in thy song,
 “ And truth shall gain its sure controul.

“ And if thou hast the power to win
 “ One erring mortal sunk in sin, ‘
 “ And lead him back to worth again ;
 “ Oh, bless the Giver of all good,
 “ And let it well be understood,
 “ From him proceeds thy sweetest strain.

“ Æolian airs shall round thee play,
 “ Angelic spirits join their lay,
 “ To the full melody divine ;
 “ And lightly fingering touch thy wire,
 “ If thou pure virtue dost inspire,
 “ And make religion brighter shine.”

Here ceased the vision, and on high
 I saw her car ascend the sky ;
 She rose, soft smiling still on me :
 I seized my harp and sounding lute,
 No longer were their loved strings mute,
 I struck their notes my “ God” to Thee.

Full flowed the symphony O Lord,
High swell'd the enraptured sacred chord ;
 Whilst sweetest praise my lips employed :
Obedient dared my voice to raise
In hymns of grateful, thankful praise,
 And purest heartfelt bliss enjoyed.

THE WINTER ROSE.



Sweet flower, that from thy bed of snow,
Does raise thy blooming head on high ;
And mid stern Winter's storm does blow,
Unmindful of a frowning sky.

I hail thee with each lucid gem,
That on thy leaves so brightly shine ;
For 'neath thy frost is beauteous seen
My rose, a glowing heart is thine.

Veiled in a mist, thou seem'st to sigh,
Or weeping shed'st the pensive tear ;
As if remembrance to thy eye
Shewed memory of a happier year.

When other flowers their sweets deny,
How precious do thy buds appear ;
Sweet as to sorrows weeping eye
The presence of the friend most dear.

True image thou of friendship's power,
Thou bidst the lonely heart not fear ;
But in life's sharp and bitter hour
Does doubly bless, and doubly cheer.

Unlike the world, thou'lt not forego
The wretch whom fortune's storms annoy ;
No Summer sunshine friend art thou,
Attendant on the hour of joy.

No, in the dark and cheerless day,
A softer fragrance thou wilt give
Than rose did ever yet display,
When it in summer pride did live.

Too oft bright Summer's glowing child
Still wears a thorn to wound the breast,
Whilst thou art gentle, soft, and mild,
Nor owns one dart to banish rest—

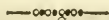
In grief's dark season doubly kind,
Thou smiling cheers the drooping heart ;
Bids it in thee past pleasures find,
And sorrows canker'd sting depart.

'Tis thus that friendship's sov'reign power,
Can chace away affliction's tear ;
And e'en in Winter's keenest hour,
Shed roses for a brighter year.

Oh ! when my life draws near its end,
And Youth's gay flowers no longer bloom ;
May I possess *one* faithful friend,
As " Winter Rose " to deck my tomb.

TO A FRIEND WHO WROTE, SAYING—

“ That although time had deprived her of Youth and Beauty, yet she trusted he had not with his unmerciful Scythe robbed her of all power of pleasing, where she felt disposed to please.”



What's this my friend, surprised I hear thee say,
 “ That youth and beauty now does fast decay ;
 “ That Time with his sharp scythe does bid depart
 “ Each transient grace, that once could warm
 the heart.”

Believe it not—for thou must still be fair,
 Whilst excellence is Heaven's peculiar care ;
 While sense and feeling in thy eyes appear,
 How canst thou dread the circuit of each year ?
 Think'st thou there is no intimation given,
 Where dwells a fair inhabitant of Heaven ?
 And can dull matter shroud from mortal sight,
 That beauty's self is but effulgence bright

Of fairer soul—and loud proclaims and tells,
 “Within this shrine, a fairer spirit dwells.”
 Then think not age itself can e’er destroy
 That frame, where radiant Angel dwells with joy.
 But should Time (cruel spoiler) dare to chase
 Each lingering charm from thy poor fading face ;
 Still friendship’s pencil shall the tint revive,
 And bid each cherished beauty still survive ;
 Fond memory cry, thou still more lovely art
 Unto a genuine friend’s true faithful heart :
 While soft remembrance shall fondly say,
 Thou now are dearer than in youthful day,
 For recollection dwells on deeds of love,
 And years but served thy virtues to approve.
 Thy friend will say, tho’ now thy head is gray,
 I once did see thy auburn tresses play ;
 That eye now dim, is still lit up by truth,
 And beams affection, as it did in youth ;
 That tongue that ever spoke the heart sincere,
 Can still pronounce thy friend to thee is dear.

Sweet sacred accents, how oft on them I’ve hung
 And listen’d to the music of thy tongue ;
 Or on thy sparkling eye how oft have gazed,
 Can never be from my fond heart erased.

For still I view thee with affection's eye,
 Fair, as when courting youths for thee did sigh ;
 Yes thou art fair, still fair unto thy friend,
 And in her eyes thy beauty cannot end—
 For she can trace loved Catherine in thee still,
 A guileless soul most ignorant of ill ;
 A heart untainted, and a conscience pure,
 A steady mind in paths of honour sure ;
 Affections keen that still did ardent love,
 The chosen few, who did thy friendship prove ;
 Tender compassion too for all that grieve,
 And Truth that never—never can deceive.

While these rich gifts of nature still are thine,
 How dar'st thou say thy Person does decline ?
 With all these charms of mind, how can'st thou
 say,
 That youth and beauty now are flown away ?
 Believe it not, while worth has power to warm,
 Thou still each virtuous soul will please and charm ;
 For they will feel that they in loving you,
 Give but to goodness its acknowledged due.

THE SPRING CHAPLET.



Why fearful timid girl to send,
And make thy harmless wishes known ;
Wer't thou afraid thy mother's friend,
Would pause to make that wish thy own.

Yes, I will weave each dewy flower,
To form a garland for thy head,
Of each soft bud Spring's genial power,
Does o'er the opening season spread.

The Snow-drop with its drooping form,
The Lily folded in its leaf,
The Violet with its scented breath ;
And Primrose of Spring's flow'rets chief.

The Crocus and the Polyanthe,
The Daisy with its blushing head ;
The Wallflower and Auricula,
Shall form thy Chaplet gentle maid.

Dear Anna, these Youth's emblems are,
 And in these simple flowers you'll find ;
 Each virtue, and each grace, that should,
 Adorn the timid maiden's mind—

Soft, bashful, gentle modesty,
 In Snowdrop and the Lily live ;
 By Violets scented breath we feel,
 The sweets, that virtuous actions give.

Gay fancy in the Crocus blooms,
 Joined with the Daisy's milder charms ;
 Whilst Wallflower with its rich perfumes,
 Our hearts to sterling virtue warms.

Entwine these flowers on Myrtle stem,
 Unchanging in its verdant green ;
 So in your life let Faith and Truth,
 Still pure and constant e'er be seen.

Oh ! wear these treasures in your breast,
 Implant them deeply in your heart ;
 So will you be in beauty drest,
 And act with dignity your part.

CHRISTIAN HYMN TO THE SUN.



Hail to thee bright and glorious sun,
Great work of high Creating Power ;
Hail to thy beams that plainly show,
The might of Him our souls adore.

Let Eastern Magii, bow them down,
Before thy altars, Sun, each day ;
Hail lowly prostrate on the earth,
The opening of thy rising ray :

But let each Christian doubly low
Bow down obedient to the dust ;
For far above thy radiant form,
The " God " they serve and love and trust.

All glorious as thou art, bright orb,
 The source of life, and cheerful light ;
 Veiled be thy beams in utter night,
 Before his brighter, purer sight.

Thou Creature of his forming hand—
 Thou emblem but of saving love ;
 The Sun of Righteousness is ours,
 That shines refulgent high above.

He shall enlighten our sure path,
 And lead us on from day to day ;
 Guide us in safety here on earth,
 With his unerring steady ray.

As thy bright beam enlightens round
 Creation's large and ample space ;
 So shall his shin'ing law reveal,
 A wider, boundless realm of Grace.

And soon wher'ere thy rays disperse—
 Their stream of golden light is known :
 His Gospel shall acknowledged be,
 And all mankind their Saviour own.

Then shall the day—spring from on high
Pour Grace, and brightest glory round ;
Whilst joyful, to Creation's verge,
The Christian's grateful hymn shall sound.

“ Peace and good-will, to man on earth,”
“ Glory and Might to “ God” most High :”
“ Messiah reigns, Hail him O Sun,”
“ And all beneath thy brighten'd sky.”

HEAD AND HEART ; OR, WHICH IS BEST.



You learned men say on the skull,
 (Whether it vacant is, or full,)

Depends the tincture of the mind :

That there our powers are clearly shewn,
 Each secret fault is full made known,
 ' Each Faculty you find.

Alas, poor heart, what hast thou done,
 'That men so carefully should shun,
 To search thy hidden stores ?
 Hast thou no riches to disclose,
 That learned men shou'd be thy foes,
 Nor dig for thy pure ores ?

Art thou like insect with mere skin,
 In which blood only flows within,
 And gives pulsations warm ?
 No solid worth to yield relief,
 No Passions, or of Joy, or Grief,
 No Love and Truth to charm ?

What says Religion, Virtue, Sense ?
(Ye learned men take no offence)

 If *I* stand for the heart :
Show you that deepest feelings dwell,
In bright perfection in the cell,
 Of this, our better part.

Where does devotion fullest glow ?
Does it not from our heart strings flow,
 With filial love combined ?
Where, all the charities of life,
Of Child and Parent, Husband, Wife,
 But in the heart you'll find.

Where softest sympathies of man,
Teach us their errors mild to scan,
 And seek and look for good ?
Say does the vain and puffed brain,
Alone true charity contain,
 Or flows it with our blood ?

Does not this bright and ruby stream,
Still with our judgment intervene,
 To soften our rough mind ?
Teach us to mild and lenient prove,
As children of one God of love,
 And feel for human kind.

Hence do vain Pedants rarely feel,
 The glow of grateful holy zeal,
 Or keen affections know;
 Their Skull, their Learning is their all,
 The bow the knee to their vain Baal,
 Nor feel Love's kindred glow,

Scorn not the counsel of a friend,
 But deign to my advice attend,
 So shall you peaceful live;
 Seek out a maid, whose heart is pure,
 Whose principles are firm and sure,
 Who has a heart to give,

Mild and of unpretending sense,
 Not learn'd enough to give offence,
 So shall you bless your lot;
 Taste the chaste joys of wedded life,
 Free from all envy and all strife—
 Nor be the heart forgot.

THE RISING AND SETTING SUN OF LIFE.

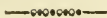


Oh, reverend age and smiling infancy,
 Scarce can I tell unto my raptured gaze,
 Which seems the fairer, or the holier form ;
 For both seem equal sacred, in my eyes.
 'Tis like the rising and the setting sun,
 Of the sweet Summer's cheerful glowing time,
 When the full orb of light and cheering day,
 Rises resplendent—giving the soft hope,
 Of joyful, balmy, pleasure breathing hours,
 And the fair promise of a blissful day ;
 'Tis like the morn of life, and to mine eye,
 Seems to hold forth the picture of a child,
 Endued with Genius rare, and every gift
 That seems t'ensure a future happy life.
 But ah ! too oft ere half its course has sped,
 Clouds thicken round, and darken o'er the sun
 Of intellect : leaving behind regret

For what our hopes had to perfection reared,
 Now sunk and lost, and all its brightness gone.
 But e'en at best, suppose the promise kept,
 And its meridian glory, rise beyond,
 Our utmost stretch of thought, yet still e'en then
 The Evening's softening shades more suit my
 mind,
 Than the full glare of day ; and to my heart
 Conveys a purer, milder sense of joy,
 Than the full glories of a noontide sun.
 Thus too, when man's short life does fade away,
 Whilst virtuous soul, draws near the destined spot,
 Where it must gradual lose its dazzling brightness ;
 More pleasing to my chasten'd sight appears,
 The radiance mild of life's declining stage,
 Than the full lustre of the brightest dawn,
 That ever open'd on the human bud
 Of Genius, arrayed in its gayest hues.
 For then, clad in the garb of later life,
 The pious soul descends, and touching near
 The atmosphere of life, a mellow'd light
 Diffuses round ; and adds an interest
 Ne'er known before to objects, common else
 And little worth, save that fair virtue's beam
 Gives them their borrowed glow, and brightest
 charm ;

Dressing them in softest, fullest beauty :
For as life nearer draws unto its close,
A broader disk displays to wond'ring sight ;
And every virtue was possest in youth
Now sheds a golden lustre round the head,
Of sainted age ; and like imperial robes
Of princely garments, the soft floating clouds
Of evening's richest purple, circles round,
The form of the expiring virtuous sage ;
Till in a gleam of sudden glory lost,
He vanishes and disappears from sight ;
And the freed spirit wings its gladsome path,
Thro' boundless fields of e'ther to purer climes,
Where the bright sun of virtue and of faith,
Shall never set, or lose its radiance high ;
But shine eternal in the Heavens above,
Nor feel its glories minish, or decay.

THE CHOICE.



My friend half jeering you did ask
If I'd perform the arduous task,
To tell you what my love should be ;
And I will try to let you see
The man, to whom I'd frankly give
My hand and heart whilst I do live :
Will strive to paint him to your eyes,
In Nature's undissembled dies,
That when you meet him you may tell,
Whether he'll suit your friend right well.
First, as to person, I declare
I heed not if he's brown or fair ;
For youth has past, when beauty might,
Claim its precedence in my sight ;
And I should now more anxious find,
The polish'd beauties of the mind ;
Yet would I wish that he should be,
Quite free from all deformity.
Gentle his manners, soft and bland,
To whom I'd willing give my hand,

For never should a loutish fool
 E'er over me bear sway and rule :
 Nor yet self-wise and sapient owl,
 Whose brow still wore pedantic scowl ;
 He must have real and stirring sense,
 And learning too without pretence ;
 With social converse cheer my way,
 Improving still from day to day—
 No witling fop, I should despise,
 Yet who could look with lenient eyes
 And smile upon my harmless fun,
 When life's great business was done ;
 Would pick the flowers I scatter'd round
 To cheer and deck domestic ground.
 No snarling crabbed old Batchellor,
 With eye askance and temper sour
 But gaily join with merry glee
 When he, his wife did playful see.

Now for the qualities of heart,
 That would induce me free to part,
 With my long cherish'd liberty—
 First in each act of life I'd see
 If deeply cherish'd he did feel
 Religion's pure and guileless zeal,

To lead him onward on his way,
 And guide his steps by its bright ray,
 Lest he should deep in error stray ;
 With charity to man combined,
 In true benevolence of mind.

}

No churl to tempt the poor man's curse,
 For that he did withhold his purse

To soothe and soften his deep woe ;
 But who could kindly feel the glow,
 That does from Pity's feelings flow ;
 Yet prudent, careful to himself
 Would use with care his worldly pelf.

}

Good nature still with ray benign,
 Must on his placid count'nance shine ;
 Not hasty for each trifle fight,
 Yet firm and absolute in right :
 Possest of that intrepid soul,
 Would dare my follies to controul ;
 Yet mildly to my foibles bend,
 And condescend to be my frind—
 Hold with a gentle hand his sway,
 Yet make me where 'twas right obey,
 Convince me by my reason still,
 'Twas best I did pursue his will.

Now say my friend if you should know,
 Such a good man who dwells below ;

Then kindly to him recommend
One whom you long have known as friend ;
And if he comes—why he shall find,
(That's if he's suited to my mind)
That I will kind and gentle prove,
And cordial give him my true love ;
Will honour him with full regard,
And strive his virtues to reward.
For if I love and honour too,
Obedience 's sure to be his due.
I'll prove a true and faithful wife,
Nor ever vex by angry strife,
But still throughout my appointed day,
Will all due homage to him pay.

LOVE.

Oh ! 'tis as holy beam from Heaven,
 That bright round me has shone ;
 It sheds its pure celestial light,
 Hope's brilliant starry zone.

It cheers my heart, it lights my eye,
 With thoughts of coming bliss ;
 And promised scenes of future joy,
 To gild a world like this.

From Heaven itself the spark does rise,
 To guide my onward way ;
 It seems unto my raptured thought
 A vision bright as day.

L

Entwined on friendship's myrtle wreath,
The rose of love is seen ;
And brightly glows its fair sweet hue
Hid in its changeless green.

I fondly hope in faithful friend,
The lover I shall find ;
And in the husband's sacred name,
They both will be combined.

Bright star of hope oh never set,
But ever—ever rise ;
And do thou ever more illumine,
Love's earthly Paradise—

To Heaven and Heaven alone I'll pray,
That thou may'st still be mine ;
And thro' my allotted path on earth,
Might still more brightly shine.

And grant oh gracious power divine,
That during my short life ;
I strictly may fulfil with joy,
The duties of a wife.

One in our wishes, hopes, and thoughts,
One in our love to Thee ;
Deign Thou to bless us as thy own,
And our sure guard to be.

So may we walk approved by Thee,
Whilst we yet dwell on earth ;
And after death unite again,
In pure Celestial Birth.

TO A FRIEND, WITH SOME DRIED
EVERLASTINGS.



Go golden Amaranth's to my friend convey
The richest ores that friendship's mines display :
Tell her I've watched thy buds with tender care,
And duly given them the reviv'ing air,
Else close contracted would thy flowers appear,
Nor beauteous blow to grace the closing year ;
A full reward for every anxious pain,
If they her approbation do obtain.
Go rob her Winter of its native gloom,
And mid its snows, show Summer's lovely bloom ;
Then say my flowers the lesson that ye give,
Will useful prove, whilst she on earth shall live.
Tell her that friendship sheds its brightest ray,
To crown the head that grows in virtue gray ;
Bid her with caution every charm improve,
That won my heart, and fixed its tenderest love :

Cherish with care our friendship's golden flower,
 Nor let it languish in the absent hour,
 But duly give it memory's genial air,
 To make it blossom still more rich and rare ;
 Whilst fair remembrance shall still bear in mind,
 Each deed of love and leave its stamp behind—
 So shall it shed a fragrance round our brow,
 And every lengthen'd year encreasing grow,
 To life's sad Winter give one raptur'd charm,
 And make the aged breast glow bright, and warm.

If once forgetfulness its chill impart,
 Farewell to every joy that warms the heart ;
 Affection's rose, then hangs its drooping head,
 And memory's treasured stores lie wither'd, dead ;
 Time with a weight of sorrow, crushes age,
 And strews with thorns our last declining stage,
 But this I feel can never be our lot,
 Each by the other ne'er can be forgot ;
 Increasing friendship will with added power,
 Still bless and cheer us to life's latest hour.
 Nor even then will lose its lovely dyes,
 (True friendship like the Phoenix never dies)
 'Twill rise and flourish from the lowly tomb,
 In higher beauty, and in richer bloom ;

We then shall taste its joys with fuller glow,
Than we as mortals dared to do below ;
Where imperfection darken'd half the scene,
E'en when our virtues had the fairest been ;
But fresh restored, most perfect, and most pure,
Immortal as our souls, 'twill then endure,
With added energy its power will prove,
An *Everlasting* in the Courts above.

DEATH,

Written on Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.



Yes, I have seen thee Death, have view'd thee near,
 Nor could I see thee unappall'd by fear ;
 How e'er in health we may thy power deride,
 In sickness we must feel that our vain pride
 Is humbled, and we then do freely own,
 The terrors that attend thy fatal frown.
 Yes, then we're honest, nature plays her part,
 And speaks plain truths to the fast sinking heart.
 Tells us we must not dare ourselves to trust,
 That we are only formed of flesh—of dust ;
 That we must crumble soon to native earth,
 This our sad doom e'en from our very birth ;
 That we were born to die, must turn to clay,
 And Death will soon his destined victim slay :
 When day and night for us no more will rise,
 But we must fall off, Death thy sacrifice.
 By thee consigned unto the lonely grave,
 No earthly friend will have the power to save

From thy dread sway, nor can they hope to keep,
Those most beloved from thy long lasting sleep.
Ah ! when the soul shall cast an inward eye,
And trembling with its fears prepares to die ;
Each unrepented sin then rises to our sight,
And when 'tis viewed in its own native light,
'Tis black and loathsome to the startled soul,
Which as it views it, thinks upon the whole,
It's done amiss whilst on this lower earth,
On every folly from our very birth ;
And then does truly feel how much she's err'd,
How little pardoning love she has deserved.
Yet should her " God " extreme become, 'tis just,
And she must unrepining sink to dut,
Without one hope of joy, to yield relief,
To soothe her pains, and mitigate her grief.
But thanks to " God " he has not comfortless
Left his poor servants, but still deigns to bless,
Those who do earnest seek to do his will,
Altho' they're frail, yet struggle 'gainst the ill,
And humbly seek for pardon and for grace,
To heal their sins, and all their crimes efface.
To them, when Death appears in awful form,
He gives the power to weather thro' the storm ;
Calmly to wait his dreaded stern approach,
Nor let his terrors on their peace encroach,

Holds up a ransom paid, so vast and large,
 That all Creation cannot sum the charge,
 The great amount of free redeeming love ;
 By which a Saviour once did fully prove
 His love to fallen man, and his dread forfeit paid,
 When *He* a victim in the grave was laid.
 Sinless and pure, *He* only could not fail,
 And only *He* o'er sin and death prevail :
 All they who in his righteousness still trust,
 Shall find him merciful, and true, and just ;
 That touched with feeling for their sad estate,
 He will not add to all their griefs the weight
 Of his rejection, but will surely take
 As his all those, who for their Saviour's sake,
 Did bear contempt, and all the world's neglect,
 Rather than once, their Lord and King reject.
 Whilst thus the Christian looks with Faith's firm
 eye,

He feels it is a privilege to die ;
 That thou oh Death art robbed of all thy power,
 To wound his peace in thy severest hour :
 He feels, that path a Saviour once has trod,
 To him is thornless and an easy road,
 Fearless he enters on the darkening gloom,
 That half obscures his passage to the tomb,
 And thy gaunt form oh Death, does to his sight,
 Assume the semblance of a Cherub bright ;

Thy mantle that did seem of sable hue,
 Now boasts the lustre of the fullest blue ;
 And as the enlivening change still meets his gaze,
 His soul expiring views with glad amaze,
 Thy alter'd form, that thou a blessing art,
 Unto the upright and the pure in heart.
 That thou oh Death who robbed him shall restore
 Those whom he loved ne'er to be parted more ;
 Already does he hear with holy love,
 His welcome sung in the blest Courts above ;
 Already tastes the pure Celestial joy,
 With which he'll join in the blest Saints employ.
 As the dull smoke precedes the flam'ing light,
 So bursts thy form oh Death upon the sight
 Enraptured, of the expiring virtuous soul—
 Surprised he sees thy former terrors roll,
 Vanish away—Celestial air can trace
 In the soft lineaments of thy changed face ;
 Such noble dignity seems thee to inspire,
 As if thou glowed with all the Seraph's fire ;
 Upon thy purple wing thou mountest high,
 With the rich radiance of the evening sky,
 Thy form Etherial cloathes itself in light,
 And all the Angel, stands revealed to sight.
 No longer now an object of dismay,
 'Thou seems to open wide the gates of day,

By which the spirit freed oh Death by thee
 Dares hope to taste of Heavenly liberty ;
 And subject no more unto its earthly load,
 It wings its flight, until it reach its “ God ”—

Led by thee friendly power, the soul does rise
 And claims her heritage above the skies.
 Claims her best portion with the Saints of light
 With them to stand rejoicing in the sight
 Of Him, the great Supreme enthroned on high
 Within the lucid Temple of the sky ;
 Where she shall see high placed at the right hand
 Of “ God ” her Maker—Jesus her Saviour stand.
 Shall hear him mediate for her and plead,
 For her he suffer’d and for her did bleed ;
 For her was scorn’d, was scourged, and crucified,
 For her he lived, for her he also died—
 For her fulfilled all righteousness, to bless
 His faithful servants, and their woes redress ;
 That he might cloathe them in the spotless vest
 They wear, who fearless have his name confest ;
 Who trusting still most firm in him alone,
 Make his all perfect righteousness their own.
 Then bursts from golden harps this heavenly song
 “ Righteousness, Oh Lord, does to thy name
 belong—

“ Jesus, Messiah, Christ, our only King,
 “ Thee still we’ll praise, to thee will ever sing ;
 “ Thou Lamb of “God” most mighty thou to save
 “ The prostrate sinner from the loathsome grave ;
 “ Thrice holy thou, the everlasting Lord,
 “ Oh be thy sacred and blest name adored—
 “ Whilst we thy saints will ever grateful tell
 “ Thy strength and might, has burst the gates of hell,
 “ Oh Grave where’s now thy triumph, Oh Death
 thy sting ?
 “ Thanks, eternal thanks be to our King,
 “ Whose tender love, joined with his saving power,
 “ Has crushed for e’er, Oh Death, thy baneful hour ;
 “ Thanks be to Him who’s made us gain o’er thee,
 “ A full, a true, and perfect victory,—
 “ The highest Angel is not meet to raise
 “ Thy tribute Lord, of justly earned praise :
 “ For Him thou ne’er didst from the Heavens
 descend,
 “ To be his ransom, teacher, and his friend—
 “ When the Arch-Angels high ! (a Mighty Host)
 “ Were thro’ rebellion to their “ God” once lost,
 “ No power aton’ing, or soft pitying love,
 “ Redeem’d their lost estate, raised them above,
 “ Again to stand the minist’ring saints of light,
 “ Pure and rejoicing in the blissful sight

“Of an offended “God’s” returning love,
 “Who deign’d once more their service t’ approve.
 “Ah no ! for them no Saviour ever died,
 “For them thou Jesus wert not crucified ;
 “This mighty instance, this stupendous proof
 “Of thy unbounded and almighty love,
 “For man, lost fallen man, was only shewn
 “To save him from an angry “God’s” dread
 frown,
 “And by thy sacrifice thou didst assuage,
 “His Maker’s wrath, and calm his awful rage.
 “Since then to man alone such love was shewn,
 “Sure man alone may justly call his own,
 “To sing redeeming love in loftier strain,
 “Than e’er Celestial Spirits can attain ;
 “And ’tis his privilege more high to raise
 “A holier hymn of never ending praise
 “Than Angel tongues can ever hope to reach,
 “Far, far beyond their utmost powers of speech :
 “But as the raptured strains do meet their ear,
 “Mute and astonish’d, they surprized do hear,
 “Those wonders that redeeming love has done
 “For the frail sinner and the erring son
 “Of man—and that for him his “God” did die,
 “To raise his soul from death—and in the sky
 “To bid him live restored, a Creature pure,
 “And through Eternity itself endure.”

Silent they listen to the glorious strain,
Then joyful take their golden harps again ;
Sing their united thanks, their love and praise
Unto the Author of their blissful days ;
Till highest Heaven reverberates the sound,
And thro' Celestial Courts once voice is found
Hymning glad Hallelujahs to the Lord,
And loud Amens to the Eternal " God."

ON MY MOTHER'S TOMB.



Accept dear shade a daughter's pious tear
Shed in fond tribute o'er thy lowly bier—
And may thy tender cares in early youth,
Still guide thy children in the paths of truth ;
Till they shall join thee in the realms of light,
To bless again their anxious Mother's sight.
Who, then rejoicing in the last great day,
Shall to her Lord and Saviour smiling say,
Behold, Oh Lord, the children thou hadst given,
For none are lost—all sanctified in Heaven.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.



Oh ! touch my lips with sacred fire,
Let no unhallow'd thought intrude ;
Whilst 'Thee I seek my soul's desire,
The source of all that's great and good.

Thou Great Eternal Lord of all,
My Maker, Saviour, and my " God"—
Low at thy footstool let me fall,
And deprecate th' avenging rod.

Weak tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since formed by thy Almighty hand ;
Lord let thy servant to thee bow,
Before thy throne thus humbly stand.

Inspire religion mild and pure,
 Into thy Creature's willing heart ;
 Correct her faults, her truth ensure,
 And deign thine influence impart—

“ Whilst Thee I seek protecting power,”
 Be Earth-born pleasures silent still—
 Calmed be the sigh of sorrow's hour,
 And mine, be thy all righteous will.

Hushed be each anxious thought and word,
 That robs my doubting mind of rest ;
 Why should I doubt thy mercy Lord?
 What Thou ordains must sure be best.

Away with sorrow and with care,
 Away with every selfish joy ;
 My soul shall breathe itself in prayer,
 And one soft hour in praise employ.

Oh ! let thy spirit from above,
 Now consecrate my heart, to Thee ;
 Oh ! fit me for the realms of love,
 Where I my Maker, “ God ”—shall see.

PRIOR TO ATTENDING THE SACRAMENT,
AT THE CALEDONIAN CHAPEL.



Oh Thou ! who touched with feeling for our state,
Did of thy Father's wrath once bear the weight ;
Forsake not Thou the Creature of thy love,
For whom thou did'st such bitter anguish prove.
Think of the cruel pains thou once endured,
That I, thro' thee might of my guilt be cured—
Lord to thy Altar I no offering bring,
All I can sacrifice, is but my sin ;
No pure oblation can I bring to Thee,
All I can pray, is but Lord pity me ;
Behold the sorrows of a contrite heart,
And deign, oh deign to take thy servant's part.
Plead thy aton'ing merits, still to save
Each prostrate sinner from the loathsome grave,
Plead all thy sufferings and each bitter pain,
By which thou didst my pardon Lord obtain.
Show to thy Father's eye, thy hands and feet
Pierced for my guilt, that I might mercy meet ;

Show thy blest head with pungent thorns once
 crown'd,
 And in thy side the piercing spear's deep wound :
 Rehearse thy painful conflict on the cross,
 By which thou sought, thus to redeem my loss.
 That dark and sorrowing hour, thy Father's eye
 Forsaking, bade thy fainting spirit die,
 Opprest with that last, sad, and heaviest weight,
 The feeling of thy heavenly Father's hate—
 Then say for *Me*, was borne such bitter grief,
 To win for *Me*, a full and sure relief;
 To save my soul from penalty of guilt,
 And that for *Me*, thy sacred blood was spilt.
 Then shall not *I*, redeemed at such a price,
 Offer to thee my grateful sacrifice ?
 Obedient strive still to fulfil thy will,
 And seek to keep my footsteps from all ill ;
 Serve thee on earth with pure and humble mind,
 That I redemption thro' thy love may find.
 Lord when I sit before thy Table, spread,
 To drink the hallowed Cup and eat the Bread ;
 Oh ! let thy Spirit, whisper to my soul—
 “ Now go in Peace, thy Faith hath made thee
 Whole.”

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN,
HALLOWED BE THY NAME.



My Father ! am I bid to call
The great Eternal Lord of all,
My Maker and my King :
Permitted Lord, by Thee I'll claim
In Thee the sacred Parent's Name,
I'll to Thee grateful sing.

My Father ! dearest name on earth,
Dear to our heart, e'en from our birth,
A soft protecting charm ;
To him we look with tender love,
Our safety in his care we prove,
Our guard in each alarm.

My Father ! in Heaven, may I dare
 To hope from Thee paternal care,
 E'en as a favoured child ?
 Yes, for Thou'st been in very truth
 'The guiding hand to rear my youth,
 And thy correction mild.

My Father ! when in later life,
 I've met with trouble, grief, and strife,
 Thine arm hath shielded me,
 Poured a soft balm within my breast,
 Bid me on thee confiding rest,
 A father find in thee.

My Father ! whilst I dwell below
 Still to thy power I'll duteous bow,
 And own thy fost'ring love ;
 Submissive meet corrective rod,
 By Thee in mercy sent my " God,"
 My fealty to approve.

My Father ! if by Thee I'm led,
 How can I ever fear or dread,
 That thou wilt prove severe ;
 Thy tender hand will guard me still,
 Most safe through every worldly ill,
 And dry each falling tear.

My Father, thro' thy Son I claim,
To share with him, his Father's name,
 An heir thro' him of joy ;
And if an heir, then surely I,
Shall share with him one destiny,
 In Heaven's best employ.

My Father, fearless will I spend
My life on earth unto its end,
 Till thou shalt bid me, come ;
Then joyful will thy voice obey,
That bids me here no longer stay,
 But join my Father's Home."

THE END. ❧

E. COCKREM, PRINTER, TORQUAY.





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